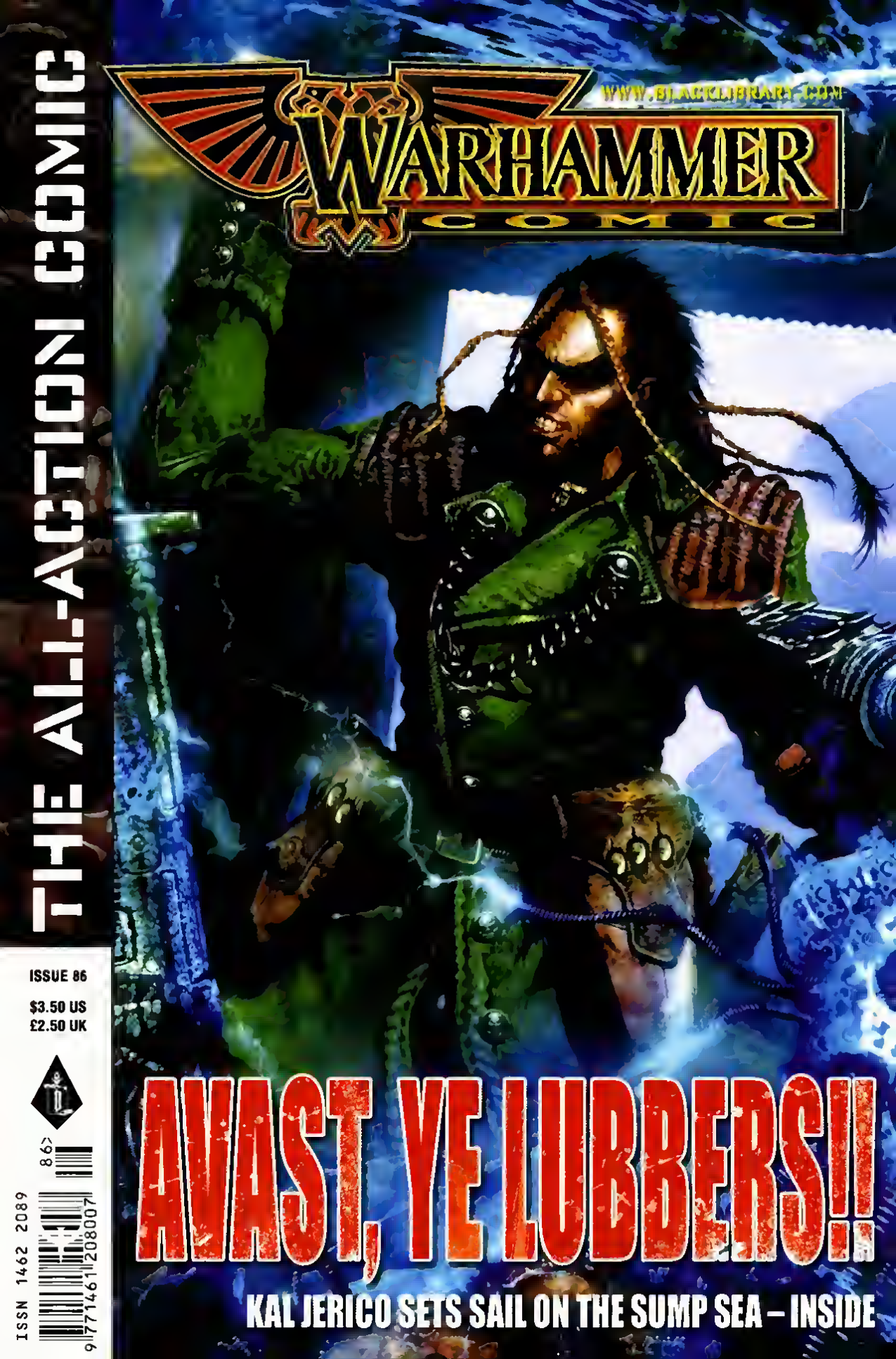
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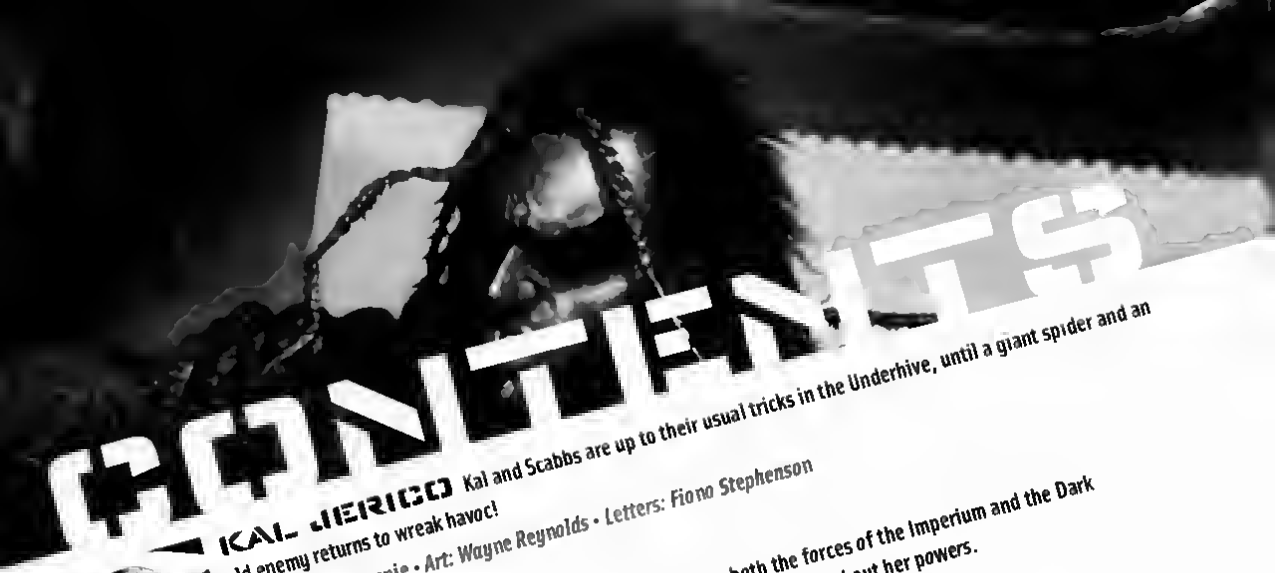
AVAST, YE LUBBERS!!
KAL JERICO SETS SAIL ON THE SUMP SEA – INSIDE

CONTENTS



KAL JERICO Kal and Scabbs are up to their usual tricks in the Underhive, until a giant spider and an old enemy returns to wreak havoc!

Script: Gordon Rennie • Art: Wayne Reynolds • Letters: Fiona Stephenson

DAEMONIFUGE Beset on all sides by both the forces of the Imperium and the Dark Powers, Ephrael Stern must embrace her destiny and uncover the truth about her powers.

Script: Si Spurrier • Art: Tiernen Trevallion • Letters: Fiona Stephenson
www.blacklibrary.com/daemonifuge

SPREADING THE DISEASE We cornered the brilliant Fraser Irving and interrogated him about his life, work... and how to draw really diseased looking Nurgle mutants.

PLAGUEBRINGER The inhabitants of Talabheim sleep soundly at night knowing that Archaon's host lays siege to lands further north than theirs. But an unseen murderer lurks within their midst...

Script: Si Spurrier • Art: Frazer Irving • Letters: Fiona Stephenson

ALTHOUGH IT SEEMS

like only yesterday that issue one was released, White Dwarf is publishing its 300th issue this month! At 208 pages it's the biggest issue ever and also sports a snazzy new look. Not ones to miss out on a party the Black Library have helped out by pulling together some extra-special content - namely an all-new Gav Thorpe dwarf novella and an awesome 12 page full-colour comic strip by the Daemonifuge II team of Gordon Rennie and Karl Richardson! Rather than me waffle on any more, here's a preview of what to expect.CD

Warhammer Comic arachnophobic issue 86. December 2004

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BL PUBLISHING

KAL JERICO in CRIMSON TIDE

PART ONE

THE SUMP. THE VAST DISMAL LAKE OF TOXIC SLUDGE AT THE VERY DEEPEST LEVEL OF THE UNDERHIVE
WHILE NOT EXACTLY A PLACE PEOPLE FLOCK TO, THERE ARE STILL COMPENSATIONS FOR THOSE BRAVE OR FOOLISH ENOUGH TO VENTURE ONTO ITS DEADLY WATERS...
SEE ANYTHING?
...COMPENSATIONS SUCH AS THE VALUABLE JEWEL EYES OF THE SUMP-MUTATED SPIDERS THAT INFEST ITS SHORES, AND WHICH DRAW INTREPID SPIDER HUNTERS FROM ALL OVER THE HIVE.
YOU KIDDING? MY GOGGLES ARE MELTING FASTER THAN I CAN WIPE THE ACID-FOG OFF THEM.
CONDITIONS LIKE THIS, OLD SHEQUEG HERSELF COULD BE OUT THERE, AND WE WOULDN'T KNOW IT UNTIL WE RAN AGROUND ON HER.
SHEQUEG? HAH. DON'T TELL ME YOU ACTUALLY BELIEVE THAT OLD
GGUUUGH!
SHRIIK!

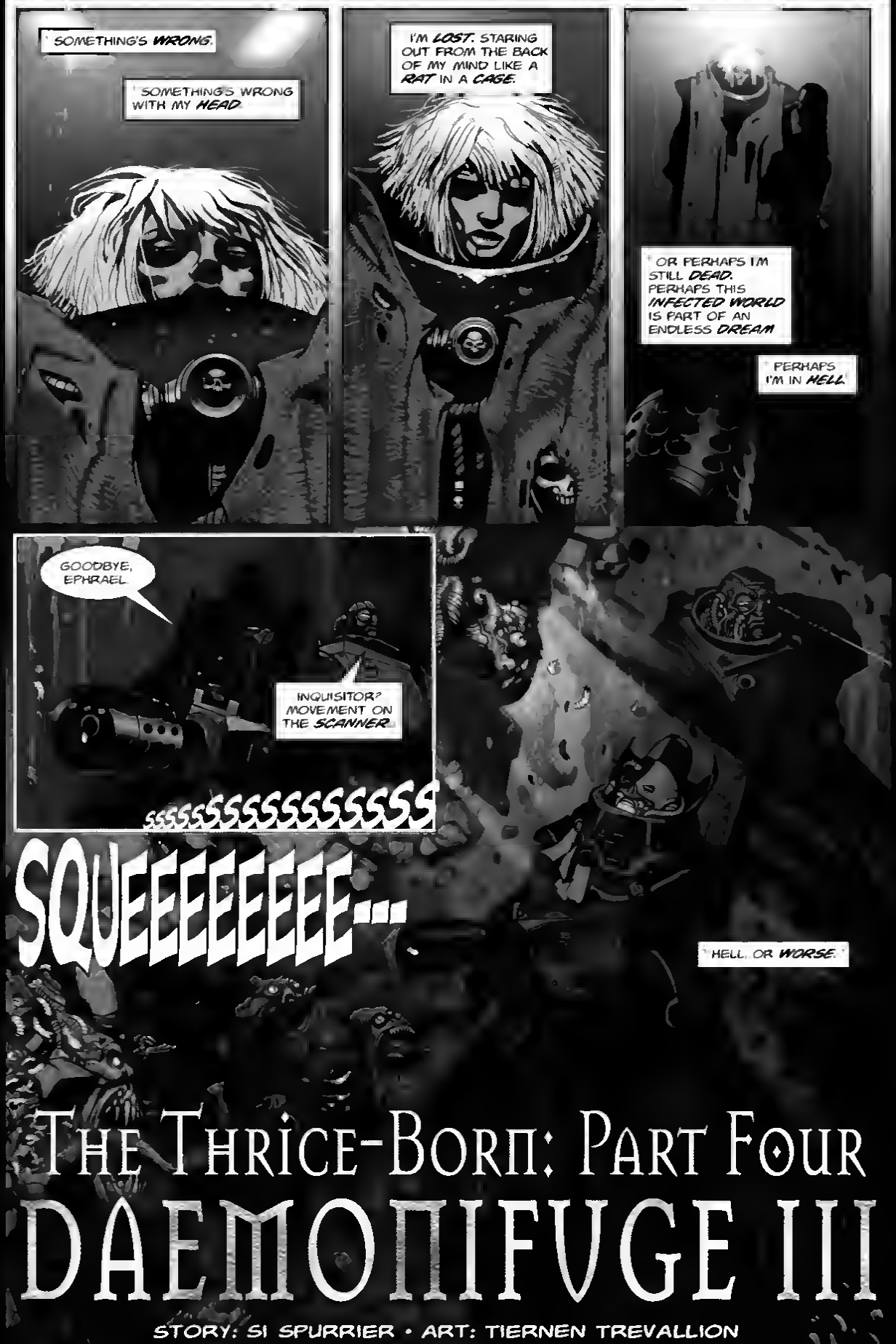
STORY: GORDON RENNIE • ART: WAYNE REYNOLDS • LETTERS: FIONA STEPHENSON

EMPEROR'S LIGHT! SHOOT IT, SHOOT IT BEFORE-
AAAAAAAGH!
A FEW EVENTFUL BUT UNPLEASANT MINUTES LATER...
HELP ME! OH SCAV, I CAN FEEL IT STARTING TO BURN THROUGH MY SUIT..!
EMPEROR BE THANKED, ANOTHER SHIP! HERE, MY FRIENDS, I'M OVER HERE!

MEANWHILE, A LITTLE FURTHER UPHIVE..
...WHY OF COURSE, GOOD SIRS! FORTUNE HAS INDEED SMILED UPON YOU TODAY! YOU'RE LUCKY THAT YOU CAUGHT US, FOR WE'VE JUST RETURNED FROM ONE PROFITABLE SPIDER-HUNTING EXPEDITION, AND WILL SHORTLY BE LEAVING ON ANOTHER.
SUMPHOLE BAR
AND YOU'LL BE IN GOOD HANDS, I ASSURE YOU. THE CAPTAIN HERE IS THE FINEST NAVIGATOR THAT'S EVER SAILED THE WATERS OF THE SUMP. ISN'T THAT RIGHT CAPTAIN SCABBS?
I SAID ISN'T THAT RIGHT, CAPTAIN SCABBS?
THAKK
WHAT..? OWWW! AH, YES! YES, IT IS..
YE BE MAKIN' THE RIGHT CHOICE ME SUMP-MATES. OL' CAP'N SCABBS WILL SEE YE SAFE ON THE COURSE TO RICHES BEYOND COMPARE. ARRRR!
NO NEED TO LAY IT ON SO THICK, SCABBS. DIFFICULT AS IT IS TO BELIEVE, THEY'RE NOT QUITE AS DIM AS THEY LOOK.
A TOAST TO CELEBRATE, MY FRIENDS, NOW THAT YOU'VE SO GENEROUSLY PAID HALF OUR FEE IN ADVANCE TO SPIDER-HUNTING, AND PLUNDERING ALL THE RICHES OF THE SUMP!
AFTER ALL WITH MYSELF AND CAPTAIN SCABBS AS YOUR EXPERT GUIDES, WHAT COULD POSSIBLY GO WRONG!
real pirate grog

HMMM, WH, T INDEED..
THE GREAT SPIDER EMPEROR? YOU'RE SURE? AND THERE WAS A SURVIVOR?
THERE WAS, YOUR GRACE
HAVE HIM BROUGHT BEFORE US.
THE SPIDER-EMPEROR? YOU SAW IT?
PLEASE MY LORD.. I NEED URGENT MEDICAL TREATMENT
TELL ME NOW WHAT YOU SAW!
IT.. IT WAS HORRIBLE, MY LORD! LARGER THAN ANYTHING I'VE EVER SEEN WITH A HIDE LIKE THE THICKEST ARMOUR-PLATING THINGS LIVED AND SCUTTLED UPON IT
YOU SAW IT'S HOLY FACE?
YES... THOSE... THOSE HUNDRED EYES, STARING AT YOU LIKE... LIKE...
ENOUGH! BROTHER BELTANE DEAL WITH THIS HERETIC!

PLEASE NO!
FROM THE SUMP WE TOOK HIM, AND TO THE SUMP WE RETURN HIM
ANOTHER SINNER REDEEMED. WE SHOULD GIVE THANKS, MY BRETHREN
THE GREAT SPIDER-EMPEROR HAS RISEN FROM THE DEPTHS AND SPEAKS THROUGH I, HIS CHOSEN SERVANT
THE TIME OF JUDGEMENT IS AT HAND HERETICS AND DEVIANTS BEWARE CARDINAL CRIMSON HAS RETURNED TO PURGE THEM OF THEIR SINS!
TO BE CONTINUED


SOMETHING'S WRONG.
SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH MY HEAD.
I'M LOST. STARING OUT FROM THE BACK OF MY MIND LIKE A RAT IN A CAGE.
OR PERHAPS I'M STILL DEAD. PERHAPS THIS INFECTED WORLD IS PART OF AN ENDLESS DREAM
PERHAPS I'M IN HELL.
GOODBYE, EPHRAEL.
INQUISITOR? MOVEMENT ON THE SCANNER.
SSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS
SQUEEEEEEEE...
HELL. OR WORSE.
THE THRICE-BORN: PART FOUR
DAEMONIFUGE III
STORY: SI SPURRIER • ART: TIERNEN TREVALLION
LETTERS: FIONA STEPHENSON • DAEMONIFUGE CREATED BY KEV WALKER

NURGLE FILTH!
SHE DID THIS! THE WITCH SUMMONED THEM!
YESSSS..
SSHAARE OUR DISSSEEEAAASSE..

'I RECOGNISE THIS.
'CHAOS.
I KNOW IT LIKE A SISTER KNOWS HER BROTHER.

'AND LOST OR NOT, I KNOW HOW TO FIGHT IT.'

C-COME, THRICE BORN
TO SALVATION...

AFTER THEM! THE WITCH DIES!

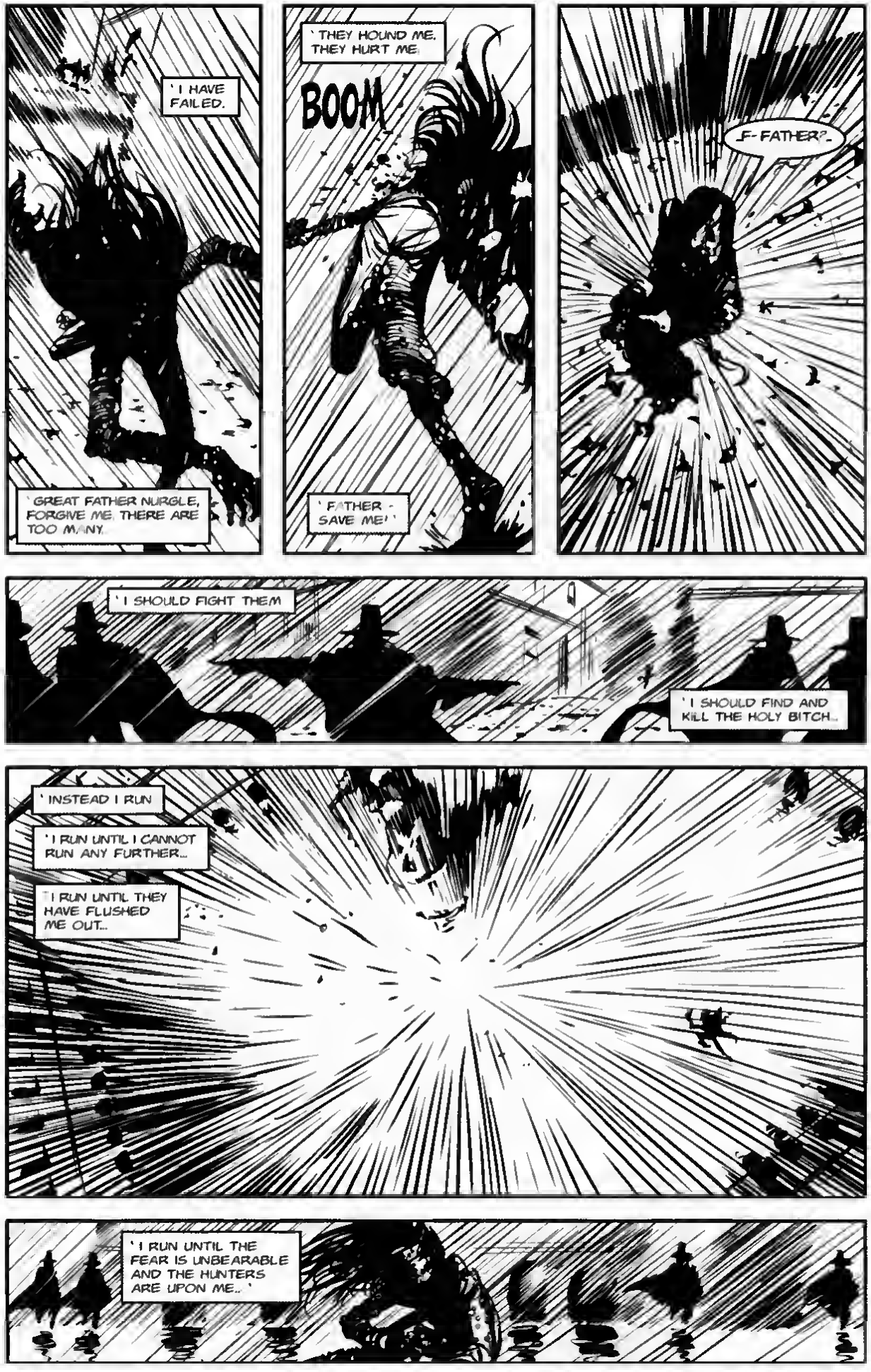
THIS WORLD. I SEE IT THROUGH A HAZE OF CONFUSION: GLUTTED BY SICK IMPRESSIONS AND PERVERSE DETAILS.
THE ALIEN IS WOUNDED.
THE WEBWAY KEY IS DESTROYED.
THE JUNGLES ARE HUNGRY.
WE ARE FLEEING TO NOWHERE.
I MUST AWAKEN. I MUST FIND AN ESCAPE. I MUST SAVE MYSELF-
I MUST REMEMBER.

'THE SHIP OF DEVILS.
'THE LIDDED EYE.
'THE END OF THE PATHWAY, THEN-
'CONCENTRATE! REMEMBER!
'THERE WAS A LIGHT.
'THE LIGHT OF THE WARP, BUT.. BUT NOT THE WARP..'
'AND THEN THE BOX.
'AND THE SHROUD.
AND THE CONFUSION.
HHHHHH!
'AND THE TAUNT. ACHING AND NEAR, LIKE AN OLD WOUND..
...AND WITHOUT KNOWING HOW, WITHOUT EVEN THINKING, I WENT TO CURE IT.'

IT'S BECOMING CLEAR NOW...
S-STOP- WAIT...
I WAS BORN HUMAN, ONCE
AND AGAIN ON PARNIS, GIFTED WITH KNOWLEDGE BY THE SCREAMING CAGE
AND HERE. HERE ON JENICAE DELTA, WHERE MY BONES WERE LAID.
HERE I REFUSED TO REST IN PEACE, AND WAS BORN AGAIN.
NO, ALIEN
WE FLEE NO FURTHER
W-WE CANNOT TARRY, HUMAN! WE MUST FLEE!
NO
THRICE BORN, WEAPON OF LIGHT SCOURGE OF CHAOS
DAEMONIFUGE

THIS WAY, INQUISITOR HER PSYCHIC SPOOR IS ALMOST TANGIBLE WE ARE CLO-
-OH.
INQUISITOR
IT IS MY SOLEMN ADVICE THAT YOU LEAVE
I ASSURE YOU I AM MORE THAN CAPABLE OF DEFENDING MYSELF
IS THAT RIGHT CHAOS BITCH?
THEN LET US
STARSHIP BELLATOR ULTRIX. THIS IS FAZAEL.
LOCK ONTO MY SIGNAL AND FORM A DISPLACEMENT SOLUTION
SEND DOWN OUR MUTUAL FRIEND...
COVER YOUR EYES, MY SERVANTS.
THIS WILL HURT.
ZZZ

NEXT ISSUE: *THE FEAST.*


'I HAVE FAILED.
'GREAT FATHER NURGLE, FORGIVE ME. THERE ARE TOO MANY...
'THEY HOUND ME. THEY HURT ME.
BOOM
'FATHER - SAVE ME!'
-F- FATHER?-
'I SHOULD FIGHT THEM
'I SHOULD FIND AND KILL THE HOLY BITCH...
'INSTEAD I RUN
'I RUN UNTIL I CANNOT RUN ANY FURTHER...
'I RUN UNTIL THEY HAVE FLUSHED ME OUT...
'I RUN UNTIL THE FEAR IS UNBEARABLE AND THE HUNTERS ARE UPON ME...'

PLAGUEBRINGER

PART THREE

STORY: SI SPURRIER • ART: FRAZER IRVING • LETTERS: FIONA STEPHENSON

DON'T TOUCH THE BODY! IT FESTERS!
HHHHUUKK-!
BRING IT DOWN!
F - FATHER-!
BOOM BOOM BOOM
' PLEASE, FATHER... ONE LAST CHANCE...
' I CAN SERVE YOU YET!
M- MILORD! IT WON'T DIE!
BURN IT LARS. BURN OUT THE INFECTION.
CLIP CLOP CLIP CLOP CLIP CLOP
WHAT IN THE -?
...OH NO...

KARVER! CLEAR YOUR MEN!
THE SAINT WILL HANDLE THE BEAST!
ONE MORE CHANCE..
' FATHER, THANK YOU. THANK YOU!
I SHALL NOT FAIL YOU AGAIN! '
DON'T BE FOOLS!
YOU'LL GET YOURSELVES KILLED!
' THE BIRDS THEY HUNGER FOR MY CARRION
' THE STENCH OF IT ENGULFS THEIR MINDS..
NEEE

YOUR FIRE CANNOT PROTECT THEM BOTH, HOLY CROW...
WHICH WILL IT BE?
' HE DOES NOT TRUST THE WOMAN. I HAVE SEEN IT.
' HE WILL PROTECT THE PRIEST. HE WILL LEAVE HER FOR ME. '
STAY BEHIND ME, WOMAN.
' NO!
' IT'S NOT FAIR! '
IT'S NOT FAIR!
RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAGH!!

NOT FAIR... NOT FAIR... NOT FAIR...
LARS? YOUR POWDER BAG

CREATURE? CATCH.
NOT FAIR... NOT FAIR... NOT FA-
HRN-?

THIS IS THE REAL WORLD, CHAOS FILTH.
IT'S NOT SUPPOSED TO BE FAIR

THWP
F - FATHER?!

BOOO

W-WHY DID YOU PROTECT ME HUNTER?
YOU MADE NO SECRET OF YOUR DISTRUST
BECAUSE... BECAUSE THE WORLD IS CHANGING BECAUSE DISTRUST IS NO LONGER AN ADEQUATE WEAPON.
PERHAPS MIRACLES DESERVE THEIR DAY.
...UUHH...
ARCHPRIEST? Y-YOU LIVE?
...N-NOT... HNNK... NOT FOR L-LONG, MY LADY...
Y-YOU WOULD NOT BEGRUDGE A... HN... A DYING MAN ONE LAST KISS, UPON A HAND SO HOLY?
BURN THE REMAINS BURN EVERYTHING
LEAVE NO TRACE OF IT
COME, MY LADY, THE CITY HAS NEED OF YOUR PURITY
...BUT...
YES... THE CITY NEEDS ME...
' FATHER...
' FATHER, IT IS DONE.'

THE END

SHATTERED

DAEMONIFUGE CONTINUES NEXT ISSUE

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ABADDON
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THIS ISSUE AS SALES
WERE POOR IN
COMPARISON TO THE
NUMEROUS NOVELS
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